

A N
OCCASIONAL LETTER

FROM

The FARMER, &

TO THE

FREE-MEN of *Dublin*.



DUBLIN:
Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER in Essex-street.
MDCCXLIX.

AN
OCCASIONAL LETTER
FROM
THE FARMER



DUBLIN:
Printed by GEORGE FALKNER in Essex-Street.
MDCCLXIX.

A N

Occasional Letter, &c.

MY COUNTRYMEN,

THE Simplicity of human Virtue is sufficient Honour and sufficient Ornament. When she puts on Wealth, or Titles, or Dignities, she can deceive our Eyes, and may conceal many Blemishes beneath the Shine of her Dress; but when she is stript of every outward Accession, it is then, and then only, that we behold her as she is, that we can equally distinguish her Charms or Defects, and may with Judgment seek a Fairer among her Kindred, or take even this One to our Bosom for ever.

There is a Citizen, my Friends, among you, toward whom Fortune hath been as frugal, as Nature is lavish. He hath received no Distinction from his Birth, no Grace from his Profession: He is ennobled by no Patents, he is respected for no Possessions. And yet, without Wealth, without Titles, without Dignities, even without the Additions of Art or Education, he hath worthily set his Foot among the foremost in this Kingdom.

PROPHECY and PATRIOTISM are Endowments of a peculiar Nature. They are wholly internal; they will admit of nothing from Accident or Acquisition; they are Sparks, which Heaven alone can kindle; that divine Rapture, that Force of Soul, which, like the Inspiration of the *Cumæan Sybil*, dilates the Form, impels to Utterance, and pours out the Orator in a Torrent upon his Hearers.

To what, if not to such a Spirit as this, can we ascribe the *Powers* of your Fellow Citizen? a Man despised for his Trade, his Poverty, his Pretensions! a Fool, (we have said,) a Madman! what is it that he proposes, what would he be at? can he Dream that a *little Apothecary* should be able to *purge* our *Legislature* of its *Crudities*? that in all his *Pharmacopolium*, he can find a *Restorative* for the Nation? or that his *Chymistry* can *sublime* a whole People to his Notions of LIBERTY and VIRTUE?—Thus have we rallied; and yet this very Man, against infinite Opposition, and only assisted by a single Person, his *Compatriot* and *Brother-Candidate*, through a Succession of several Years, with a Spirit unequalled, and an Application unwearied, hath informed your *Counsels*, asserted your *Interests*, revealed your *Privileges*, published your *Charters*, reclaimed your *Rights*, opposed your *Oppressors*, exposed your *Usurpers*, and in Spite of *Party*, *Power*, *Authority*, and *Influence*, is now on the very Eve of bringing all that he *projected* to pass.

It is but lately, very lately, my Brethren, that the Word, PATRIOT, hath had a Signification in *Ireland*; a Kingdom, whose Natives, of any Wealth or Consideration, were either worse than *Aliens* to their Country, by becoming *Absentees*, or yet worse than Absentees by their *Places* and *Dependencies* under *foreign Influence*. A Kingdom, whose Offices of *Trust* were turned into Matters of *Traffic*, whose *Funds* for public Utility, into *private Barter* and *Jobb*; while with *Parties* in our *Parliaments*, *Factions* in our *Counties*, *Practice* on our *Juries*, &c. &c. &c. we were only so far uncorrupted, so far saved from *Venality*, as we were not judged of sufficient *Weight* to merit the *Temptation*.

CAN any Good, I then said, *come out of Galilee*?—I now can answer. Yes—let me speak it to the Glory of our common Citizens, let me speak it to my own Exultation! that it is here, and here alone; where the Life of ESSENTIAL LIBERTY seems at length to
revive

revive ; where VIRTUE seems to prepare her SEAT and her HABITATION : That while the *American, African, and Asian* Worlds, groan under universal *Bondage* ; while most of *Europe* hath bowed to the *Yoke* ; while those few Nations, who boast *remaining Freedom*, are enslaved by their Appetites, and prepared for outward Chains by inward Depravity ; while even in *Britain*, the Terms LIBERTY and PATRIOTISM are secretly ridiculed as *chimerical*, as Topics of Speculation rather than Reality ; it is to *Ireland* alone, as to the *Heart*, where the *Animal Spirits*, the *Vital Heat* of *Political Nature* appear to make their Retreat ; from hence I trust to re-expand, to inform their accustomed Channels, and carry Life and Health anew throughout the whole System.

Neither is this a sudden Rapture, a turbulent Fit ; it is not one of the *Gracchi* who hath enflamed you ; it is not a *Massianello* who hath kindled a short Sedition and Mutiny among you : *Faction* will have its *Fever*, and *Enthusiasm* its *Fermentation* ; but *that* will abate, and *this* will evaporate. Your's is at once a *loyal* and a *lambent Flame* ; it hath had its gentle, its gradual Ascent, and is not yet arrived to its due Heat or Meridian ; it is like a Building, which in order to Use, Strength, and Endurance, requires a sober Progression, and mounts from Story to Story, till the Whole is accomplished.

Do ye not find, my Countrymen, that this Spirit is prevalent among you ? do ye not feel, growing within yourselves, a Sense of Honour, of Liberty, of Virtue ? a Love of Poverty, while annexed to Integrity ? a Contempt of Affluence, if purchased by Corruption ? I know that you find and feel it. It is not a Spirit that is pregnant with Riots, nor productive of Revolutions ; it is the *Restoration* of what is *lapsed*, the *Renewal* of what is *languid*, the *Preservation* of whatever is *valuable* in our happy Constitution. Cease not to cherish and indulge it. It is yet encreasing ; it is growing general among you. History cannot produce

duce any Instance of National Virtue, so *deep*, yet *gentle*, so *full* without *over-flowing*. You are becoming a Body of PATRIOTS. The Eyes of your neighbouring Nations are upon you, and they only wait for the Maturity of your Example, to follow and be conducted by so glorious a Track.

ARE these Things so? — Then lay your Hands to your Hearts, and acknowledge from whence the Stream hath flowed. Consider what *Prometheus* it is, who hath stolen this Heat from Heaven, to animate your listless and unactive State.

You are now upon the Eve of the most critical Event, of the most important and interesting Period of Time, that hath happened since the glorious Revolution. Two Seats are vacant to your City in Parliament; and it is not now the Question whether a *Charles* or a *Samuel*, a *Latouche* or a *Burton*, whether this Man or that Man shall be chosen. My Friends! the Tryal is between *Power* and *Patriotism*. The Combat is to be fought between our *Potentates* and our *People*, between *Interest* and *Integrity*, between *Influence* and *Virtue*. If you should elect upon the former of these Motives, if you should chuse a single Member from Incitements of Lucre or Solicitation; adieu to all future Prospects! adieu to Liberty! adieu to my Country!

But if, as I rather Trust, you shall fight a good Fight, and finish the Course you have so gloriously undertaken; if you will give the great and expected Testimony of your own Merits, in your Election of those two Candidates, who have nothing but their Merits to recommend them; whose Studies have been incessant, whose Labours have been indefatigable, whose Years have been spent, and whose Persons have been exposed in your Service; (and you will Elect them): Though these Men should hereafter betray You, though it were possible they should prove recreant to the mighty Trust reposed in them; you will yet have gained infinite Advantages. You will inspire our whole Country with an Emulation of your Spirit.

Spirit. You will dictate the most glorious Lesson of Duty, that ever was given to our Representatives in Parliament. You will convey, together with the best Security of Privileges, the brightest Example, that can descend, as an Inheritance, to your Posterity. You will amaze, you will confound your *British* Neighbours, who must blush at their own Corruption and Venality. And you will lastly impress an Honour, in History, upon the *distinguished Period* in which you lived.

When I look back to the mighty Spirits of Antiquity, to those great and Patriot Characters, whom Providence poured in Blessings upon the Countries and States to whom their Mission was appointed; I grieve to reflect on the Ingratitude of human Nature, and that I can find in the History of those ancient Benefactors, scarce any other Recompence, scarce any other Return, than *Destruction for Deliverance*, and *Suffering for Service*.

When I consider even those awful Heroes and Preservers of Mankind, whose *Counsel* gave Existence, whose *Courage* gave Conquest, and whose *Fame* alone gives Distinction to the greatest Common Wealths that ever were: I behold the *Miltiades*, the *Themistocles*, the *Aristides*, the *Socrates*, the *Phocion* of *Athens*; the *Hannibal* of *Carthage*; and the *Manlius*, the *Coriolanus*, the *Camillus*, the *Scipio* of *Rome*, as so many *Martyrs to their own Beneficence*. And I am prompted to think, that the great *Cincinnatus* had scarce *escaped* the *Salvation* of his Country, if he had not returned to his *Spade* and to his *Plow*.

What is it in human Nature that thus tempts us to envy the Power from whence we derive Advantage? to detest the Fountain from whence Good flows unto us? May Honour and Gratitude, and every noble Sentiment that can inform a Brave, a Free, and a generous People, for ever Defend you, my Countrymen, from the *Equity* of such a *Reproach*!

I hope

I hope it is not to be apprehended. The Virtue by which you are so lately, and indeed, so eminently distinguished, in your Preference of a Man, whose Virtue is his sole Estimation; your Contempt of the Influence of Power, and Solicitation of Interest, in Comparison of this your Fellow Citizen's Attachment to your Cause, and Zeal for your Service, is at once an Assurance of your own Merits, and the highest Encouragement to the *Servants* of your *Country*.

I will therefore believe, that you have a worthy Resentment of the late Indignity and Insult, which hath been cast on Mr. *Lucas* by the *Common Council* of the *City of Dublin*; and that thus to suffer for your Sake, can only serve the more deeply to engage your Affections.

THOUGH the *Court of Judicature*, into which the *Sheriffs* and *Commons* of this City have lately erected themselves, in order to vindicate their Officer, is perhaps one of the most entertaining *Phænomena*, that hath hitherto appeared in our Hemisphere; it is not wholly unprecedented. Former Times have also been blessed with *Courts* of equal *Discernment*, and *Judges* of equal *Candor*.

By the ancient Administration of Equity in these Realms, if any Man stood impeached, the Bench appointed three Methods of Disculpation, by *Ordeal*, by *Combat*, and by *Wager of Law*. By the *First*, he was left to the miraculous Interposition of Providence. By the *Second*, the Strength of his Arm was admitted a full Evidence of the Integrity of his Heart. And by the *Third*, a *Criminal* was barely required to swear himself *Innocent*, to add *Perjury* to his former *Guilt*, and thereupon he was judicially *Acquitted*. But this last Method was generally reserved for an *Amicus Curiae*, some *Servant of the Bench*, some *Minion of Favour*.

As there is no Absurdity which hath not, at some Time been approved; so there is nothing so obsolete that may not again be revived.

The

The *Sheriffs* and *Commons*, conceiving that the Honour of their public *Officer* was attacked in a Paragraph of Mr. *Lucas's* Second Letter to the *Commons*, were solicitous to salve Appearances in his Favour, without bringing his Cause too closely to the Light : But as this was not to be done by any *judicial Method* now in Practise, they erected a *Court of novel Inquisition*, and examined what *Precedents* of old might Suit a present Purpose.

With respect to the ancient *Ordeal*, they imagined it might prove too *fiery a Tryal*, and did not choose to trust Providence over far, for evincing the Innocence of this their *Officer*. The Method by *Combat* was yet more perilous, he must here be obliged to confront his Accuser ; and what would become of such an Animal in the Hands of a Champion for Liberty. They therefore discreetly determined on the third Manner of Decision ; here he was to have no *Fire* but of his *own kindling*, no *Combat* but with his *own Conscience* : this indeed could not but be a *sure Card*, where the Gamester had the handling of the *whole Pack* to himself ; thus the Matter was left to his *own Appointment*, he was to judge his *own Merits* ; single and at leisure to run his *own Race* ; for they very prudently concluded, that he must be a much honefter Man, than they took him to be, if he would willfully Vote himself out of his Employment ; if, for the Sake of *Honour*, he would acknowledge his own *Disgrace* ; if, for the Love of *Truth*, he would Swear to his own *Condemnation*.

The Defenders of this Man's Innocence, having thus *predetermined* the Business, had nothing further to apprehend, than what might arise from the Flushings and Hesitations of Guilt, in Case of some sudden or ill-natured Interrogatory. *Forewarned, forearmed*. He was therefore duly *prepared*, and if his Lesson was not *dictated*, it was at least well *conned*, and ready *penned* too, to guard against the Lapses of his Memory : And this important Affair being with

all possible Privacy thus *premeditated, prematured,* and as it were *pre-executed*, this awful Assembly was convened, the grand Consult began, and they thus ordered throughout *Europe* to be published the Wisdom of these their memorable Proceedings.

Proceedings of the Sheriffs and Commons of the City of Dublin, at a general Assembly held at the Tholsel, the 21st Day of July 1749.

WHereas in a Pamphlet intituled, a second Letter to the Commons and Citizens of Dublin, dated May 13, 1749, and printed by James Esdall on Cork-Hill, the following Paragraph was inserted.

‘ When I found, upon speaking to some of my Acquaintance, that you, Gentlemen of the Commons, were, as usual, but partially summoned, when I found in a principal Street in this City, in which several Brothers live, who are of the Commons, that but some of these Brothers had the Disgrace to be summoned, for I must suppose none were called but such as were deemed Vassals enough to do what the Conclave of Cardinals commanded, and so forth.’

Now, we the Sheriffs and Commons in full Assembly met, having called upon our Officer of Commons, and having strictly examined him with Regard to the Justness of the above Charge; the said Officer, in Justification of himself, produced the undermentioned Affidavit.

County of the City of } **S**Amuel Morgan, of the
Dublin, to wit, } City of Dublin, Officer
of Commons, came this Day before me, and made
Oath, on the Holy Evangelists, and saith, That
about sixteen Years ago, he, this Deponent, was appointed Officer of Commons of the said City, during which Time, he, this Deponent, never did neglect, to the best of this Deponent’s Knowledge, upon all
Post-

Post-Assemblies, and all other Committees, to serve, or cause to be served, all Summonses, as this Deponent was directed by the several Lord Mayors of the said City, nor did this Deponent ever neglect, or omit serving such Summons, or Summonses, willingly, or designedly, nor omit summoning any particular Person, by Order of any Lord Mayor, or any other Person, nor did he ever receive any Instructions from any Lord Mayor, or any other Person whatsoever, to omit summoning any Member of the Commons, at any Time, to the best of this Deponent's Knowledge, Remembrance, and Belief.

Sworn before me the 21st Day of July 1749,
Samuel Morgan. ROBERT ROSS.

The Sheriffs then called upon the Commons, desiring them to inform the House if any of them could charge the said Officer with such Neglect? to which they replied, they could not. A Motion was then made, and unanimously agreed to in said Assembly, that the above Paragraph was false, malicious, and scandalous, and that for the Satisfaction of the Public, and Sake of Truth, have ordered the same to be published in the several News-Papers of this City.

Signed by Order of the Sheriffs and Commons,
JAMES GODDARD, Cl. Com.

Now, my Friends, and Fellow Freemen, as I have not the most distant Wish to hurt any Man living, either in his Substance or good Fame, I will not controvert the literal Veracity of a single Article in Mr. *Morgan's* Affidavit. It may not, however, be wholly impertinent, to tack a short *Schedule* to the above *Testament* of the Common Council; to annex a few slight and cursory Remarks, that may serve as a kind of *Train to the Dignity of their Proceedings*.

It is above, as you see, set forth, with all due Form and public Asseveration, that this Officer was *strictly examined*, with regard to the Justness of Mr. *Lucas's* Charge;

Charge ; I repeat, *strictly examined*, by the Sheriffs, and by the Commons, in full Assembly met. Now, what you and I understand by *strictly examining*, is shrewdly questioning, cross-interrogating, re-examining, and thoroughly sifting. — Might well ; all this was extremely legal, solemn, and orderly. — But what does he answer ? not a Word ; has he not the Manners to reply to his Masters ? not a Syllable ; it is not so much as pretended that he did. But pulling out a negative Affidavit from his Pocket, which he had equally prepared for Questions from all Quarters, he imposes it upon this *very examining and scrupulous Assembly*, as a Matter of *positive Proof* ; and thereupon, this Assembly give their *superlative Testimony* to the Public, not only of this Man's Innocence, and of the Innocence of his unexamined Deputies, and of the more distant Deputies of such Deputations ; this had been a light Matter for so substantial a Zeal ; they proceed yet further, and against the *uncited*, the *absent*, the *unexamined*, the *unheard Charles Lucas*, they utter their *final Sentence*, and issue their *Condemnation*.

Suppose, now, that some of your arch Wags should happen to lay hold of this same ingenious Affidavit, and should take it into his Head to drop a few Interlineations, without discomposing a Letter, or changing a single Period : I fancy he might make a very merry Affair of it ; let us try what a weaker Attempt might do.

County

County of the City of } Samuel Morgan, &c. faith,
 Dublin, to wit. } that about sixteen Years
 ago, (*which was Time enough*
in all Conscience to learn his Trade) he, this Deponent,
 was appointed Officer of Commons of the said City,
 (*which till of late was a very obsequious and meekly*
mindèd City) during which Time, he this Deponent,
 never did neglect, (*whatever he might, have done, to*
be now callèd in question) to the best of this Deponent's
 Knowledge, (*for he does not hold it convenient to ran-*
sack his Memory) upon all Post-Assemblies, and all
 other Committees, (*which he ever lookèd upon as con-*
vened for the sole Purpose of the Aldermen) to serve,
 or (*when he did not like the Office*) cause to be served,
 (*by People for whose Defaults he does not think himself*
literally answerable) all Summonses, as this Deponent
 was directed (*according to the true Purport and Design*
of such Directions) by the several Lord Mayors of the
 said (*so well governed*) City, nor did this Deponent
 ever neglect, (*to send forth proper Representatives*) or
 omit serving such Summons, or Summonses, (*as he*
judged proper to be served) willingly, or designedly,
 (*whatever his Deputies might do*) nor omit summon-
 ing any particular Person, (*as the Documents he re-*
ceived were general) by Order of the Lord Mayor, or
 any other Person, (*however he might have acted, mero*
motu, for their Interests) nor did he ever receive any
 Instructions from any Lord Mayor, or any other Per-
 son whatsoever, (*for he was so well versed in his Busi-*
ness, he had scarce occasion for Hints) to omit summon-
 ing any Member of the Commons, at any Time,
 (*that he or his Servants judged it requisite*) to the best
 of this Deponent's Knowledge, Remembrance, and
 Belief. (*So help him his present Place, and his Hopes*
of future Preferment.)

Thus stands Mr. Morgan's Affidavit, in Substance
 and in Form unaltered ; and only illustrated by a few
 collateral

collateral Graces, that merely serve to display his Gratitude to his Masters, without impeaching his Veracity, or calling his Honour in Question.

But enough of this Man, and his Negatives. Let us proceed to the criminal Paragraph, which the Commons adjudged so heinous, so impossible to be vindicated, so worthy with its Author of Condemnation.

For this Purpose, cast your Eye but a little back, and you will find that this whole Paragraph, so iniquitously penned by Mr. *Lucas*, amounts to no more than two simple Articles, the first an *Affertion*, the second a *Supposition*: An *Affertion* that he found the Gentlemen of the Commons were but partially summoned, and a *Supposition* that such partial Summonses had a sinister Intention.

With Respect to the Veracity of the *Affertion*, it does not appear that the Adversaries of Mr. *Lucas*, either did chuse, on the late Occasion, or that they ever will chuse to bring it into Debate. But, say, that Mr. *Lucas* had been imposed upon; suppose that you or I had made the like Discovery, by Information or otherwise, suppose that we were misinformed, suppose that we were deceived; yet who (*save the Commons*) will assert, that it is *false, malicious, or scandalous*, for any Man to be misinformed, for any Man to be deceived.

Let us carry this Matter to its utmost Length. Let us suppose on such Discovery, or Information, or even Misinformation, that the Person, so imposed upon, conceives a Suspicion, that these partial Summonses imply'd some partial and favourite View. Is this Suspicion unnatural, is it unjust? No, my gallant Countrymen. In a Concern so public, in a Matter so nearly and dearly interesting, if the Person so deceived, hath but a *Spark of Patriotism*, if he is a *Lover of Virtue*, if he is a *Lover of Honour*, if he is a *Lover of his Country*, he will not barely suspect, he will vent, he will publish those Suspicions, that

that Truth may be brought to Light ; he would be a *Traitor* if he did not.—And yet, your *Fellow Citizen* is adjudged *False*, *Scandalous*, and *Malicious*, for the utterance of a Supposition, to which he was prompted by *Virtue*, obliged by *Honour*, kindled by his *Country*, and which, it would have been the *Breach of all Truth*, it would have been *Treachery*, to have concealed.

O just, O learned Judges ! Ye future *Mayors* and *Aldermen* ! Ye *Solcmors* of the *Island of Saints* ! Kings shall come to you from afar, to be instructed in Wisdom ! and Queens from the East to attain Judgment and Council !

Was there not One among You, who had the Spirit to remark upon these Proceedings ? to require some further Testimony, than the Evidence of a single Person, who was compelled, either to elude the Fact, or to Criminate himself ? As he acted by Deputee, why was he not examined by Deputee ? why was he not also sworn by Deputee ? his Accuser was at Hand, why was he not called for ? was the Pale of Interest and Influence so high, that no one Sheep of a Hundred had the Courage to attempt for Freedom ? if even one had passed the Bounds, the rest had probably followed ; and however in Clemency you might have pardoned your Officer, your Benefactor had escaped the Censure of *Falshood*, *Scandal*, and *Malice*, which now returns doubly barbed into the Bosoms of the *Donors*.

But for whose Sake, O ye *Commons*, did this Man incur your Condemnation ? even for yours, ye *Givers of equitable Retribution* ! for yours, ye *grateful Paymasters* of those who watch over you. His Fault was no other than his *Jealousy* of your Rights, his *Fear* for your Dangers, his *Zeal* for your Interests. Upon reflecting how long, how affectionately, how inviolably he had served you ; could you find in his *Wariness* and in his *Warmth* for you, could your Charity,

I say

I say, discover no Motives but those of *Falshood* and *Malice*?

If my Servant, through his Concern for my Property, and Attachment to my Person, is alarmed at a false Report of Robbers, catches up Arms for my Defence, throws himself in the Front of imagined Danger, and in the Bustle unluckily wakens me from a profound Sleep; shall I treat this Man himself as a Felon, merely because he was wakeful to preserve me from their Attacks?

If even the Dog, who guards my Sheepfold, should chance to alarm me, by mistaking a Moonlight Shadow for a Wolf; shall I appoint him a Rope as the Reward of his Fidelity?—I think not—Yet such, *O Commons*, is the Encouragement you give your *Patriots*; such is the *Jewish* Fare, with which you treat those *few Prophets* that are sent unto you.

If ye have done right, defend yourselves, vindicate the Equity and the Honour of this Action, and cast back the Reproach upon me, who stand your Accuser: But if ye have been surprized, or betrayed into this Error, I wage no War with repenting Frailty, and shall be the first to promote and publish your Apology.

F I N I S.

Next Week will be published by the Printer hereof,
The last Speech and dying Words of

J O H N G O O D,

Wherein is contained the whole History of

G I A N T I S M,

From the CREATION.